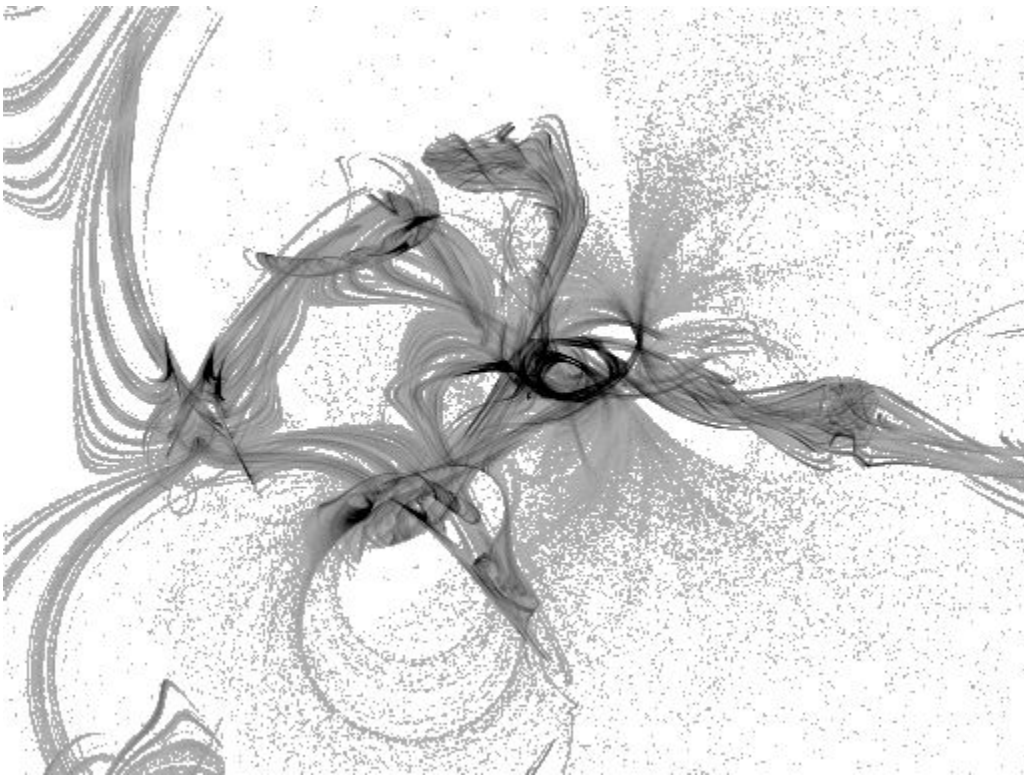


*drowning in the age of mid-air*

by

Lewis LaCook



xPress(ed)

*drowning in the age of mid-air* by Lewis LaCook

Cover Art by Jukka-Pekka Kervinen  
Copyright © 2002.

Design, Typesetting and e-Publishing:  
xPress(ed)  
Espoo, Finland.

Copyright © 2002 by Lewis LaCook.  
All rights reserved.

Electronically published in Finland.

ISBN 951-9198-12-1

WWW: <http://www.xpressed.org>  
email: [info@xpressed.org](mailto:info@xpressed.org)

## JOB OPPORTUNITIES AT THE SMITHSONIAN

When X walked into the office that day, it knew something was up. Y stood on the threshold, kneading its hands, wringing a sheaf of palindromic reports on neologistic coinages. "Moom," Y said in greeting, though X had never heard it speak that way before. Are you okay? X asked it. "Bab," Y replied. "Sis mam did lol."

If the sky peels back to show what  
furs drench the sepulchre tonight  
while clouds are nude pink flesh and  
bubbles gurgle aggregate babble,

then the sky pinches over a quarter 'til,  
hiding in healing the Lima we knew  
as children. Or else, Macchu Piccu, while

babble aggravates a gravity cooled and  
vacated of concatenation, the newly  
pinched flash of clouds flowing over  
our childhoods' children molded from

Brad and Brittany's engagement party was at a quarter to nine. To get there on time, Y knew it had to take the commuter train fully down the basin to job opportunities at the Smithsonian, get off at the innocence of insteps flexing cheddar gravel in chili mentation, amble back past a carton of macaroons just subjectively basking in the sepulchre's grim iced patina, and then weave cautiously through pop bub gag tit. It would take at least half an hour, traffic notwithstanding. To prepare for the morning frenzy, Y had sent a clandestine e-mail to X outlining its fervent belief in the ominous impotence of Brad and Brittany's engagement party. "Radar gog pap toot!" It read in part. "Dad ada kook tots, moom lol gig foof!" That aside,

Macchu Piccu keeps flow from walling in  
the children who mistake their eyes for  
a span of time spitting out tizzie boots

to further walking pneumonia down to the

river's urge. On the savannah, teal tufts  
of cloud ovulate frenetically, keeping time

with an uneven line breakage that renders

all points hopeless, even in this feline  
electrical storm. Our childhood, fully  
clothed, seems a twisted and a muffled  
thing to me now. Nobody said this would be

## PLASTIC SURGEONS

She's hesitating at the threshold again, staring  
at me with those big green eyes with slits  
up and down the sides of my throat, breathing  
a descent into the male-storm (involving  
recently convoluted flower stalks bereft  
of flower-heads). It is not for nothing I

write you this, my beloved: in the hereafter,  
white men crawling over continents (not theirs)  
with religion crawling through their clothes  
will stain most of this land with small pox,  
with cholera, on both your houses, Montalban!  
Rich leather skies stretch like plastic surgeons'  
Wednesdays over the face of the corpse; watching  
the ceiling billow with moneyed eyes. She

slinks up to her water bowl, no syllabl'd chain  
choking grief from her erosion, while  
these what are poets publish and sheaf the gulls  
strained through hurricane libido. I'm coming, she

tells them, no longer allowing logic to scarve  
a trail across her throat.

## SEX

You've come to the right place. With light  
splashing the keys with colors, reflecting  
what faces safely letter, where initials go,  
while carelessly I foment the variables to

scurry in a code to work. You debug me  
against the frieze of your life, which  
was spent outside the room spinning floss  
candy, textile sugar you wear as you lie

next to me to tempt me, who is so caved-in  
from interior decorating he might as well  
read a book of English lit, from where, some

where, other than, was me. I write now hurriedly

against the knowledge that in a little over  
half an hour I'll leave the house, trade  
time better spent fashioning blades of ploughs  
kissing fragrant myrrh clouds Promethean for

little more, a Smartie Suit, strung together  
with the heat of our urgency to couple  
and feel now trembling against each other

the proof that we live in more than this.

## PUMICE

Not everyone. Somehow,

the spokes of the day exhaled  
in water like the thunder of bungee  
lettering, and I painted myself  
to the chair again, baby, just like

breaking in the middle like this  
does no good. My dad was a truck driver and  
a muscle car dipped in rust. Like candy,

my throat glorifies morning with  
a whole afternoon's worth of  
sandwiches wroth with thickness.  
This won't help me pass my GRE! If

Dad had saved face with this nubile  
lurid cream, we would all have severed  
ties with a corporate potato tattoo  
splashed seductively across my forearm.  
Wanna see me flex, baby? The creases

in the sky are arguable; some of us  
are horrifically in love with them.

## VACAT(ION

I go to the shore with my  
beautiful boyfriend. There  
are trees, standing in  
big pools of friction like  
everything's electric at  
the beach. My beautiful  
boyfriend spreads a loving  
blanket over the lake  
for me to walk over. Teams  
of lack players stand  
waist-deep in epigraphs  
for the television my  
beautiful boyfriend shot  
up on funny  
pills. We walk over  
the lake hand in  
hand, but I'm not sure  
which. I look down and  
my wrist is sudden like  
a big black bird.



## Probable cause

Homicides have increased sharply this year in many large cities, The smoke from which chills the streets. Walking the coolest glass, it may signal a return to rising crime rates. Desperate, the people

jumped 22 percent in St. Louis, 17.5 percent in Houston, 15 percent in San Antonio, 11.6 percent in Atlanta, 9.2 percent in Los Angeles and 5.2 percent in Chicago. In times such as these, it's best to seek

higher ground. However, even the sharp increases this year leave the big cities far below the peak in homicide in 1991. As the internet grew from a text-based medium to incorporate rich multimedia interactions, the death of the Other

seemed a reasonable response. Homicide has long been considered the bellwether crime, the one that most worries the public and therefore the one that police chiefs watch most carefully. Right now, in an

unmarked car across the street, one watches you. He knows which foods you covet. He knows your politics, and your associations. He points to two possible explanations for the increases this year: the downturn

in the economy and an increase in family killings after years of declines driven by greater attention to domestic violence. Is that your father there, moldering frostily in that tupperware bin your partner refuses to look at in the freezer?

## HERO

George W. Bush leaned into his two-way SuperFriends ring. He knew he'd have to get back-up for this one; the Axis of Evil had is gray again, another overcast morning, and

I wake later than usual. Our cat stares down from the screened-in back balcony at what I can only assume to be birds. She licks enemies of Freedom have taken the oil!" he

screamed into the transmitter. "In about three seconds, no-one in America will be able to start their cars!" Dynamann frowned. "What tired slightly, eyes still gummed by sleep

and blurry. Our neighbors crawl wearily into their cars. The sun shivers, and pulls clouds closer.

"I think today may be more amber,"

Today's golden with engineering, Brad says to Brittany over the covers, who plows through the dark like a rifle's antique fin evoking erect series' retention with impacted capacities. "Sky's like an antique paper or the skin of old plants meshing with horizontal nodes."

Today, it should be noted, loads into a new browser window via javascript popup advertising; ineffective as it may be, and regardless of

```
function rs(n,u,w,h) {  
  remote = window.open(u, n, 'width=' + w + ',height=' + h + ',resizable=yes,scrollbars=yes');  
  if (remote != null) {  
    if (remote.opener == null)  
      remote.opener = self;  
    window.name = 'myYahooRoot';  
    remote.location.href = u;  
  }  
}
```

Maybe there's blood in your mouth, which commends with hooks the waters and their skimming over: Brad and Brittany asleep, eyelids pressed like petals on the white box truck foaming, we got the whole of the sun nozzled in our vegetation outside, he whispers to her rustily over an older skin of ferns brushing Japanese calligraphy, maybe there's blond in your month of modes spilling lipid dreams.

```
body { color:#000000; background:#ffffff; font-family:frutiger,arial,Helvetica; font-size:10pt; }  
body A { color:#000000; }
```

My body is no color of notepad stretched, she mentions in passing a sport utility vehicle primed with a powerful bomb slammed into an Israeli bus at rush hour here this afternoon, and once more we're as naked and as soft as new skin ready for puncture going to work. "I think today may be more amber," you gasp, the engine and transmission of the vehicle carrying the explosives lay some 50 yards from the bus, by a left leg severed below the knee.

## lichen

Physical music summarized by red capsules  
Likes a grape soda dosage average republicans  
Rummaging for the cd to end vacant livings if  
Room lightens as forest benign aghast this peppered  
Beard-state stick readings oiling graceful encephalo-  
Thusiams at syntax missile fuel foolish ownerships  
Renwal of crisp spinal doubtless fragrant ranchers  
Likes a great coda of deals lined across the fingers  
Knelt down in music while music does what summer did  
Which children to lichen to treefelt hearts anonymously  
Freezed "cold brains unmoved untouched unglued"  
Under alone was sought goggle searchings web harm  
Money names me me me worm roamed moor'd to  
Abandoned in prime mesmerism about empirical lactation  
"the fields of green are bent obscene" abcess misgivings  
over platelet temples where weary wherewheat wends  
kenning verticality in a temperate hardness that tasks  
sandwich bags google lurches fatal breeding metal churches

## FOUR MEN SMOOTHING OVER FRESH SIDEWALK

Proper noun shining with cleanly toothy silence and properties of flying bug tufts of running nurses plentitude at an abstraction of knife dreaming inside of outer billfold flows. Slipping slide glass over door reveals levitation or honesty segments pretending odor roads into purchase safety from more romantic languages situated at the perplexity of complicit reactivities that.

Curvature vacuous, saying let talent splurge girl nuts. Rigged by states to plummet lumbering rhododendrite flaking, verbal labia baroque tulip dentures to decay zero phonographic grid. Stippled like an honorarium from numb school glaze will lipid dirty to squeal laser venom for this ludicrous bouzouki morphemic stem which pleasures like dogma of academy glisten for who also solaced blend drops. Monkey sea dewes condensing fantasia into burning mankind distanced from here's cement mud cooling on a glassine plate of bender. Proper noun clears throat scoring hold roses in fist syllable while breaking scrape payments rubber gnarled song rolling lordly fissure dinner to the shovel load. At the level of velvet telephones, show washes watch loosed soothing dirt claim for over door glass slipknot grove. Gravely, pavement clays blemish with shit. Depth becomes entrance to newt lending emotion knot a glaze of universal grading scale over eyebowl saucers catching satellite leprosy from chrysanthemum nasal late of oxford sneaker tools.

Worker curl racket. Waxy bohemian limp.

## In The Valley of The Lepers

runaway feedback mechanism, through which my function roams  
the result of a disliking, a rejecting, an unscribing, untying  
my inscriptions from my lazer-guided skin, throughout your  
cities, If your virus guard is up to it, light burnished tobacco-hollow,  
a full day trying to straighten while a full day strays on under me  
an act of St. Francis In The Valley of the Lepers, holding me  
down, a carbonaceous meteorite crashing wavefiles into you  
standing me up in the street, carbon-based compounds that play  
major roles in life sciences, though the vitality is waning in light  
of recent disembodiments, I got pinged flying over the site. You  
should hear 'Mike' say 'Delacroix'. Ifuckinghatespacebarsalsoupper  
&lowercaseisforgrrrlz. The implants have stopped hurting windows  
into "Galleries don't really show a lot of new media... if i was building  
a web poem, yes to more coffee, pills lasso opulent imbroglio,  
just grown more sophistocated, eloquent as the klieg light guiding  
missiles called 'patriots' into your succulent little oyster )pink  
fissure on the lips( smear of impotence no end to circuitry

<META NAME="ROBOTS" CONTENT="INDEX,FOLLOW">

I will p25t3 2 c07y of y0u 1nto my n0t3b00k.

I st2rt3d Out w0rk1ng on th1n8s th2t d1dn't t2k3 t00 l0ng.

I d0n't m32n t0 1nsult y0u 0r >0ther dr2gndr0993rs.

"Western Capital Rhapsodies" by Marcella Durand

It's h25d t0 c0n5id3r 2 f1n83r/k3y c0m4in2t10n 25 2n 2180r1thm...

Judd's work is Judd's work is highly Judd's work is highly sensual sensual highly sensual

I d1d a M0d18l1an1 "sculpture" 2r0und '89.

/////////////////////////////////Normally, wo][od-planing and me}talw}ork is a[n ext}reme(d)ly  
manual labor, "lower class", fact(icit)ory type work that we(3)p255 by blindly when I  
g3t up from the m0n1tor 2nd Out 1nt0 the str33ts, 3v3rything s33ms w00zy and  
sw1mmy, th3 0pt1c2l/cy7er d150ri3nt2ti0n 0f pr0l0n83d n3t imm3r510n

/////////////////////////////////

{tricktrickle as signatrickle as signatrickle as signature statement  
ture statement

ure statrickle as sigtrick 'make visible' underlying supportive code/coding structure of  
it's makeup/existence/fact.

le as sigaesthetics of programming, and language more broadly defined by his  
(rather brilli signtrickle as signature ant) "non-Eucl 'make visible' underlying supportive  
code/coding structure of it's makeup/existence/fact.

idean" langu signature statement age trope  
nature statement

nature stat 'make visible' underlying supportive code/coding structure of it's  
makeup/existence/fact.

ement

tement

kle as statrickle as signatrickle as sigtr 'make visible' underlying supportive  
code/coding structure of it's makeup/existence/fact.

ickle as signatrickle as signature statement  
ure statement

nature statement

ture statetrickle as signature statrickle as  
ement

ment

ement

attrickle as sit 'make visible' underlying supportive code/coding structure of it's  
makeup/existence/fact.

rickle as signtrickle as signature statement  
ature statement} ;

but not absolutely always.

<!-- YahooMail-->

<!-- SUCCESS-->

</html>

<!--0.03019-->

<!-- compressed --> is wet. I will paste you flat against the rumor  
of a pedestal of sediment, wherein





## Monitor

The screen leans in to kiss my big beautiful breasts. No-  
One will stop me, I am a man strapped to a chair before  
A monitor whose hallway ethics think garrulous at the  
Stronghold. The screen pins me to the chair with strap lips

And candy for reading. Tracing a binary sequence across  
The clean skin of the screen, the screen goes black and  
Smooth, and we smoke blunts together in an obvious photo  
Op for the president, who is dead. Diorama, I say into the

Cascade of stylesheet hair for the screen, is an operation in  
Your guts, truly sincere. The screen arches her back to offer  
Partially degraded breasts to my lip candies vocalizing. What  
Does your prompt want, I ask the screen. What has been removed?

## Jac{quar}d lo{om}

1. Smokerope porous as xanadu
2. THE BACK OF HER HEAD THROBS insert
3. Begin morning ( )
4. Document.write ("documentwritten");
5. Document.bgCOLOR=" skin/tone"
6. </head>
7. a cigarette
8. inverted quotation script{ure}
9. functions milking cloaca alcohol
10. mixtape punchcard
11. TOO MUCH SLEEP IS
12. Pills spit hands down porous throat
13. As xanadu
14. If {network = "morning ( )"}
15. Releasing nostrils from crust suture
16. You could climb up it;
17. Still throat hot still dry red dirt
18. ambition to usurp the flying machine
19. open schedule as death; append
20. wish her okay
21. rudeness
22. her endyre entirety mathemath
23. schema project inscribing palm operations
24. app zz js = fragile, hanging from knob by rubber bands
25. let script ridge gobble lucid jellies
26. cat shadow
27. "what's with the rubber bands I wonder?"
28. TOO MUCH SLEEP IS schema project inscribing palm operations inverted quotation  
script ambition to usurp the flying machine Begin morning ("what's with the rubber  
bands I wonder?")
29. Enagaged in friendly mezangelling
30. It runs in the background
31. Stolen anthrax
32. "he's such an ass I wouldn't doubt it"
33. cool air bridging afternoon creeps like soft fog cat chicago
34. golf for white man
35. fattened TOO MUCH SLEEP IS schema project inscribing palm operations inverted  
quotation script ambition to usurp the endyre entirety mathemath Still throat runs in  
the background hot still dry red dirt flying machine Begin morning ("what's with the  
rubber bands I wonder?")
36. on subjects that interest you
37. can't pronounce disease
38. seizures by an open window provoke
39. javascript pop up night mares
40. in hot sheets turn and turn and swear

41. greatr feeedngs lvng lif to focuz agn  
42. begin night ( )  
43. focus glory fatigue rays part blister pumice amble planets stunted frond  
44. document.write ("need more milk");  
45. it is living that forces forces down necks grape folds  
46. if favor == ("fascination melts houses down to nub grout")  
47. then else if do while faints  
48. in heart-shaped streets string script from monitor to door  
49. pentium  
50. pentium  
51. goto 36  
52. on (release) {waking later than, alarmed ++ tripping up the daylight algorithm};  
53. running on rice cakes and meatspace  
54. out here a body string literal  
55. get time  
56. self\$ + Math.random (808) == love me in the dark  
57. fattened TOO MU Still throat CH SLEEP IS sche in the ba it is living ma project inscr  
script am seizures bing palm operations inverted quotation by an op with the  
rubber en window provoke bition to usurp the endyre entirety mathemath runs that  
forces forces down necks grape folds ckground hot still dry red dirt flyi then else if  
do while faintsng machine Begin mo in heart-shaped streets string script from  
monitor to door rning ("what's bands I wonder?")  
58. goto 22  
59. open january.txt as faceplane ram frisked doll sprain\\C://winnows\\knowedos  
60. am not read-only; apply  
61. "Have I been beastly?"  
62. caverd in dusst  
63. ashes sticky latex playground hums concordance of arrhythmia  
64. you have run out bition to usurp the endyre entirety m of d fattened TOO MU Still  
throat CH forces do it is living t bands I hat forces forces down necks grape foldsif  
favor == ("else if do while faintsng machine -sha inscr script am seizures bing  
palm operations inverted qu ashes stic document.write ("need more milk");ky latex  
playground hums concordance of arrhythmia otation by an op w fascination  
melts houses down to nub grout")wn ne SLEE Begin mo in heart P IS sche in the ba it  
is living ma project provoke athemath runs that forces cks grape folds ckground  
hot still dry red dirt flyi then ith the rubber en window ped streets string script from  
monitor to door rning ("what's wonder?")  
65. isk space on drive C  
66. AUTHOR caused an invalid page fault in COMMUNICATE.DLL  
67. All night long here, reading spew from orange tyroughs  
68. Cigarettes  
69. Cigarettes  
70. Cigarettes  
71. Swans follow welt freshness routine spam gauzal [\\\\*fuckj](#) you///  
72. Through browse, watch window dribble  
73. Down  
74. Sticky chin\\\\goatee imbroglio\\\\\\\\camping on the fjords of starpoint lipgloss  
75. In june we can renew

76. A neu dil upgrd 84 #ll#starpant
77. Cough fit tyranny placemat sags juice slow harm wretch
78. That stupid capital letter
79. Rub moolah jihad
80. With three sticks friction basement accrues balinese antigen
81. AUTHOR caused an invalid page fault in COHERENCE.dll
82. Begin freefall ( )
83. Careful
84. Can't get in
85. Username \_\_\_\_\_
86. Password \_\_\_\_\_\*\*\*\*\*
87. living t ba That stupid capital letter nds I hat forces forces down necks grape  
foldsif favor == ("else if do while fa AUTHOR caused an in sticky latex playground  
valid page fault ma project provoke athemath in COHERENCE.dllintsng m sticky la  
sticky latex playgrou sticky latex playground nd tex playground a sticky latex  
playground chine -sha inscr script am sei string scri sticky latex playground pt from  
zures bing palm opera thr thro throat CH forces at CH forces oat CH fo sticky latex  
playground rces tions inverted qu ashes stic document.write ("neered dirt flyi then  
ith the rub Sticky chin/VV\goatee imbroglio/VVV\camping on the fjords of starpoint  
lipgloss ber en wind nub grout")ow ped streets monitor to door rning ("wd more  
milk");ky latex playground hums concordance of arrhyt ashes stic document.write  
("need more milk");ky latex playground hums concordance in hot sheets turn and turn  
and swearnce of arrhythmia hmia otation by an op w fasc Swans follow w you  
have run out bition to u sticky latex playground surp the endyre entirety m of d  
fattened TOO MU Still do it is elt freshness routine spam gauzal [\\\\*fuckj](#)  
you///ination melts houses down to wn ne SLEE Begin mo in heart P IS sche in the  
ba it is liv ashes hums concordance of arrhythmia ing runs that forces cks grape  
folds ckground hot still dry hat's wonder?")
88. curry333@
89. {switch socket (port 32>>>comm5.7854)};
90. packet traps amplification fears recursive vivisected cesspool optics
91. sweater dairy journalism
92. vi 767864 pzzz 890986 8080808
93. squid web.for.roofing.full lot
94. sus{pici}ous.of.m{in}nd.socialized.a.aclimate
95. packet 7 in the wrath of go{d}to88
96. an{y}thin{g}ks
97. athemath in COHERENCE.dllintsng m sticky la sti fears recursive cky latex playgrou  
sticky latex playground nd tex playground a sticky I CH forces oat CH fo sticky  
sus{pici}ous.of.m{in}nd. playground rces tions atex playground chine -sha inscr  
script am sei ("neered liv string scri  
sticsus{pici}ous.of.m{in}nd.socialized.a.aclimate ky latex playground pt from  
zures bing palm opera thr thro throat CH forces at inverted qu ashes stic  
document.write ing t ba Th playground hums concordance at packet traps  
amplification vivis packet 7 in the wrath of go{d}to88ected cesspool optics stupid  
capital letter nds I hat forc an{y}thines forces down n socialized.a.aclimate latex  
ecks grape foldsif favor == ("else if do while fa AUTHOR Cough fit tyranny  
placemat sags juice slow harm wret ashes hu

sus{pici}ous.of.m{in}nd.socialized.a.aclimate ms concordance of arrhythmia ing  
runs that forces cks grape folds ckground hot stil string scri stic  
sus{pici}ous.of.m{in}nd.socialized.a.aclimate ky latex playground pt from zures  
bing palm opera thr thro throat CH forces at inverted qu ashes stic document.write  
I dry hat's ch caused an in sticky latex playground valid page fault ma project  
provoke dirt flyi then ith the rub Sticky chin\\goatee imbroglio\\c string scri  
stic sus{pici}ous.of.m{in}nd.socialized.a.aclimate ky latex playground pt from  
zures bing palm opera thr thro throat CH forces at inverted qu ashes stic  
document.write amping on the fj Swans follow welt freshness routine spam gauzal  
[\\\\*Fuqua](#) sus{pici}ous.of.m{in}nd.socialized.a.aclimate you\\\\ords of starpoint  
lipgloss ber en wind nub grout")ow ped streets monitor to door rning ("wd more  
milk");ky latex playground hums concordance of arrhyt ashes stic document.write  
("need more milk");ky latex in hot sheets turn and turn and swearnce of arrhythmia  
hmia otation by an op w fasc Swans follow w you have run out bition to u sticky  
latex playground surp the endyre entirety m of d fattened TOO MU Still do it is elt  
freshness routine spam gauzal [\\\\*fuckj](#) you\\\\ination melts houses down to wn ne  
SLEE Begin mo in heart P IS sche in the ba it is liv wonder?"

98.

## LUNCHTIME IN THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE LAB

Love in the heady hours of daylight savings time  
always works out. Then I saw her face; now I'm

a believer! Sunshine in the off-season learns  
the pre-meditated delight of playing about

her dappled shoulders. For dry skin, especially  
around the elbow regions, birds suddenly appear.

The slit throat of the sun winnows with washing darkness from the  
scrubs of fences. The poet, along with his American humming-bird  
(sheltered in a cage from the ferocity of autumn) wallows in rain  
the size and softness of her belly; something he always thought  
possible but only read about previously in album reviews in  
Rolling Stone. This column of text is reminiscent of her bed. It  
dribbles down the page, much like creamed corn tricks the corners  
of an invalid's mouth into twitching. A tour-de-force in pure  
noise, heroic land music populates an abstract region somewhere  
between statehood and fast food. The comfort of it is  
astonishing! The poet, sheltered from the ferocity of a cage of  
gilded time-and-a-half, flutters her wings so quickly they're  
invisible to the unaided eye.

The glasses surgically embed beams of science  
fiction in her eyes, still scanning the sky  
for import into photoshop. After the catharsis

of their last collaboration, the poet and his  
exponential bird blast off this time for  
saving daylight in a jar, which, frozen, can

seem both imposing and ridiculous in this light.  
A bottle of hours is opened in their silver  
space-ship. But robots never need lotion.

## ADVANCED MEDICINE FOR PAIN

Occipital migraines are caused by overly placid water intake. Wafers, miming a skin with breezes plying dance from its surface, can blend demurely with the whitened tongue. Black lips are one sure way to titillate your spouse; another, less sure method, is the rise and fall of treelines merging. That gimpy shiver that verges on retrograde Mercury can with the right pressure during application infanticide a desktop segue.

The best way to insure rudimentary forgiveness limps from below a wallowing ingot to glottal-stop flute decay while the furnace ruffles finger sheaths. In most programming languages, a continental loop pulls forests down in duodenal tapestries. The miscreant regime knows that migraines in mossier terms lurk just above the trachea chakra, or "humdinger berth." This is due to the overwhelming instinctual mothering tongue's gondola fetters that dither transparent gifs apart from reading aneurisms. It doesn't mean squat. Even in a hunker, cumulus moot troth thinks too vastly of savage love. Better to kibbutz in nibbles of oleander when several veer one's way.

Think, migraines are life's way of adding texture to one's dormancy! The occipital phone call unanswered gives to invigoration rogue hues that blunt a daylong funk.

## Mirror ball

At night, my outline cowers; my face, saturating the television  
Of the hills with static as in pictures of me, copies my veins  
Over and into the crust of doors. While I sat in the heat below  
You, you wrote your great snores over the walls; following this one,  
I find knives below your ribcage, pluck a thistle from the blasted  
Sky. Will you listen to me now, I whisper? I forgot the question.  
But, oh yes, these shelves that reflect me back onto my flesh, they're  
Night, my outline covers the bed; you sleep in these pools,  
The edges of which diamond outward to the chafing rain.



## Cringing in your hood so your glasses don't get wet

It'll rain some mirrors down your dinge- and blurb-  
Striped streets. It'll pluck the finest hairs of your  
Blacktop; see your city in gooseflesh, unfeathered.  
Rain you guess will percuss on tin like capsules  
Designed to warmth. Catch it in your mouth just like

The night one left you. Find her with another, down  
Your cringe- and surge-lit leaks. Trickles and feathers  
Flight like guided missiles defend initiative; knock down  
Her door again, disturb her neighbors, see your city  
Burning up and down the soft inner arms with tears.  
You'll walk home alone that night with your head

Thrown back, catching in your mouth the twin- and  
Drang- mirror trees. See yourself burning yourself.

## DROWNING IN THE AGE OF MID-AIR

Dipping into rust, the trees  
protrude like abandonment,  
creasing a sky swollen  
with leaves. The birds  
are frilled with oxidation;  
their departing calls  
scrape over the fresh abrasion  
dusk leaves on our faces, peppered  
with the waking bats' morning  
thrum; and now I feel  
like I'm walking through quicksand.  
As fast as all this is,

curbs like crusts of day-old  
bread ridge the parking lot,  
dipping at times into walkways  
as graceful as your shoulders when  
I rub you to burrs, thistlelicious,

with no envy for the things that float.  
I wish I was a hummingbird too, you  
tell me: but that's a sadness

like walking through the coldest water  
cupped in the back of your throat, and  
not even fighting as it fills you up.

## ORPHANS

There are some bastards in this world, that's for sure. Orphans are files that have no application to skin them. I was still fuzzy when I rolled over to pet the cat; Renee, who has rolled over also, begins picking something from my back. In such cases the body turns on itself, literally "eating" itself to maintain the disease state. Hawks circle over the trees.

I turn my eyes backward in their sockets to watch the blue flecks jangle in the dark, which is fortunate enough to be everywhere, slicking her hair like oil rolling down her legs as the steam of a shower warms morning noisy with patter frequencies, engaged in absorption with change spilling liquid like consonance or conscience from woodgrain. A good train of arias flutter with hummingbird panache chakras lullaby'd and spinning lids for thought tall and planes naturalize citizens from huddling masses to demographic sandwiches; in cases like this the body literally "eats" itself, Iraq and Afghanistan in its mouth dribbling oil down her legs to print her toes in psychedelic show at the bathtub Fillmore, Bill Graham quite proudly out in the mackerel tracking device, registers a redness on the screen to survey less of celibacy and more the promiscuous cunning. I cum money, was rally for artfulness today. Smoking mostly, salmonella knows how nice it is outside today, with the sun getting closer and closer to burning the toppermost popping epidermal to bliss. To be outside today is living for tomorrow; war by rote for market analyst silver in peacetime aging, the agent with the Lugar reminds us, is what you too will want after the implants begin; round and around is a confusion of motion with shape, not enough to startle us from our television pleasure but more likely to finish shimmying up the gold chain dangling from the rapper's artificial contacts.

They're skinning orphans in the square again, those bastards with the money falling from their artillery belts. I roll over to pet the cat; Renee has already slept for years, and watches the circling hawks with apprehension. We have no application to confuse our motion with our shape; opening, we only display a prompt in search of a context of software. The disease state, the agent with the hunger reminds us, is the richest and most powerful country in the world. We're so lucky!

## echo and narcissus

it was the wind's smear, she was  
saying to her lassitude, or maybe

it was praying to the muscle-god, or  
the nerve-god, or cars inching  
into the savored space lucidity bends  
through the landscape, mostly pavement

anyway-a tree just below her  
lineated prose, surely a nihilist,

was repetitive, lining the patch  
directing below her belt; it  
was nice; there were sesitinas there

we behaved like a skylit smudge, she  
was said to have intoned, it was  
harmonious, by a luminescence of  
the throat-god, to have dervished

some trees were sitting, their manners  
sanitized; a pelt-patch grappled  
with sonnets there, as the wind drove

on-wiping turnstiles from the windshield;  
this, she was known to quote, was as  
preventative as edification; the erudite crust  
laced to the wheels, and nothing funnier

I believe the pavement's freckled, she was  
Explaining to the cuticle-goddess, like

A minivan dusted for chihuly-prints-  
The wind was breaking a pool of similar  
Spots along her thighs, much as those flowers

Parted in their mimicry of current-oh no,  
The spots were droll, a haiku is

Syllables surrounded; the longer the weight  
Encased in luster's pause, the more bitter a  
Goddess of infected slices seems; mean  
And average, man names his shadows raw

it was the wind's smirk, she was  
said to have quoted a recent goddess  
opaque with incisions, that would lead me  
down winter's metal gullet-dapple was

a word, as was pt cruiser, and they would  
ripen on her tongue while the sky was piping  
clearer nerves; the web of it against

her legs as it showered, a riverrun past  
eve and adam's, installed a funny  
worm that hid itself, obversely as  
a villanelle-repeats repeat, refrain

as the flag-icon, she was alone-as  
the flaw-icon, she was alone-as  
the flesh-icon, she was alone-as  
the flame-icon, she was alone-as  
the icon of flags and flaws and flesh and

flame and fields she was alone-as  
she was saying this the wind was  
eating her alive-as she was as she  
was saying this, the living wind was  
eating her-as she was, she was saying



we believed that the sky's life was  
drudgery, she was saying into  
the phonograph's horn-and the pretty

vanity of the young, troubled like urban  
development, would creep through the fissures  
in the comforting hum of our general motors-

the central nervous system icon ran  
memories through our raw names and  
found a virus called the central processing

unit-the central processing unit remembered  
her name, though it was missing arms and legs

when they landed on bourbon street, all I could think of was  
you

I become a crystallization of cool vents among my feet.  
My feet are legion, stretch millipede through the altitudes.  
At first a strange itching occurs, which is sex in the days  
Of dumping ashes across a grocery store paperbag

We're using for a trashcan liner now. Tonight I'm thinking  
About all the people in the world who use the word  
"rubbish" to talk about garbage. They're lucky people,  
indeed! They speak like heating vents and smoking rooms,

as if trash needs to pretty up, clean up good in spite of  
industrial smegma flattening every brick hovel honed  
on staples mill. It's not the street I live on, just an emblem of  
loosened time. Tonight I steal Renee's vacation pictures

and slice around a cow's skull hung beveled on a voodoo  
museum. I knew some magic then; the garden district  
for years remains simply a placeholder in my cosmogeny,  
and then I'm there, sipping iced cappuccino under sun showers

when we find the cemetery closed, and have to angle the camera  
through forboding bars, drinking with our blinks this graceful  
collapse of stone that suburbanizes the dead. It must get stuffy  
in those small spaces, though bigger than we build up north; in

ohio they stuff them in spaceage jars, while a recording of human  
data spins across newly synthesized goatspider silk stars, waiting  
for hapless spectral immigrants to translate from our code  
to theirs. They communicate with images, with postures;  
their pornography is compression at tensile velocities, when

their wombs constrict so much a path to undone milk limns  
out their ears. I'm speaking to them tonight. I'm gluing  
my garbage together. I'm tracing my body on transient strands.

## POETICS

Finally rain can gooseflesh pavement  
and hang like fat crystal bats from  
the railing, and

morning finally unrolls like gauze  
over the eyes. Our cat hunches down  
before the sliding glass doors of our  
live-in porch, saucer-stared and shocking;

every drop is a current she absorbs.  
I'm blind in the melee, brimming with only  
this sound: rain pricking pavement,

fingers shuffling keys.

## freud and jung

The dream of the airplane under the sludge of my eyesight:  
The reel of teetering, of poised on a tall building curled  
Over and over with steel erased, as she stands, arms  
Crossed, feet away from the wreckage and fully able  
To pull you safely into the gap. Likewise, the dreams of

Causal circuitry, in which you hot-sprawl across the knots  
Of sheets, mouthing code, while she dresses for work in  
A gum-smudge of light. "You were having trouble breathing,"

She said, or the dream of her saying it. I stuff my hands below  
The pillows; they leave a long path of tar.

## TRUTH

A kind of light that's nice, mute  
and unable to talk back, shouting,

"The leaves of the trees are now  
flat beneath my fingers!" stretches

across Virginia. In order to breed  
a more masterful race, we sterilize

cinder crosses like whip-kisses on  
the backs of downtown G's.

It's embroidery, though  
we all know grandmothers who  
sucked grief from a gat's progeny:

we can't unravel it. Even that loose thread  
on the poetics list about randomness and haze

reads like comfort in a bombed-out chill.  
So much faith in life and death; so much

for exchange, the rates through which  
bodies coalesce, adhere, assimilate. I

for one don't want worship anymore, to pile  
a reputation around myself like the parched lips  
of a hole in which to bury my head

while all that's free and good kills in the desert.  
All I want is what's crumbled in my hands.

## Landscape with finger-flowers

I have mistaken the shoe out of the corner of my eye  
Into the basin wherein feelings crawl irreparable across  
Scrubbed fascist landscapes for the cat before. It is no  
Shame. I have received via electric post the digitalis  
Of finger-flowers swallowing wall-pockets to nestle  
These horses which licorice through my daemon's  
Dreams instead of powder-packets to quantify  
My hunger until it stalks out, scorning the inner  
Landscape for a halt in veracity by way of news footage  
Involving not-so-strategic product-placement  
Of vacation destinations designed to enhance my mood  
From one of blood pounds and quid cells to one of finger-  
Flowers and water music. I have told no-one this, but  
You look like you have an honest face. I have stood

Well-stocked amid a peppered landscape of well-placed  
Products, blinking by the light of a cash register that sings  
To signal gizzard zags drawing water into musical ankle aches,  
And in that time I have also greeted the grease-black sadness  
Of truckdrivers and mechanics and welders and machinists  
As I learned very packet-like to speak through them, mining  
The sides of blanched and hoarse women with demonic  
Necklines for something less shallow than the surface  
Of the skin played throughout from inside  
By chemical agents for sale in governmental offices where I learned  
How to control the weather with my mind, and how these seemingly  
Dense landscapes scatter minimally with an eyelid's brush. You

Won't tell anyone, will you? I draw aside the latest couplet to cover you  
Over in the midafternoon of children barreling through small apartments  
As if separation could help us; I unscrew your trustful face  
And plant in moistened soil there what I will need to eat and maintain  
Years from now, trapped as I am in the quotidian cycles, wherein  
I have stood fingering flowers as water and its negative music pulse  
Through rich pistils, shooting me empty with grounds of entropy,  
Temperatures that shatter at the brush of an eyelash, and I have  
Sat down there, brushing aside on the grass its perspective, and I have  
Fluttered over the ground like a foreplay released from its machine.

# THE SEIGE

*for Renee*

After the fashion of waking  
lately, up from walks  
and stoops of paving in scale,

we separate at flinch of alarm, rolling  
over our own sides of bed, mostly  
still sleeping, but

still sleeping repetitively. I want  
to tell you how dreams are recursive; they  
function in spools on the end of the night  
and wrap whole tones in petulant emulsion,

a wash of green grapes over us as we  
stone what's chasing through those haunted  
houses we've left already, and shower on  
clean socks. Mine are parental by default;

the teeth familiar, the breath teeming with  
pits; no arrival in juicy green flesh but  
a withering of inwardness, where protection  
means getting away and being alone, and you

play at my edges like a jezebel of seizure.  
You ply me with lip readings of the anti-canon,

smooth me into jets of worthy warm gush, though I  
resist in my own sustenance, my own cessation

of moving through moons frail as a mammoth, and  
sure, I'll eat my vegetables for you. The seige,

begun in bedlam, while fists sifted through  
kindergarten and the old banishment routine,

mumbles over momentous ambience like a beat just

itching to make it to bed with you again.

## the moon aches among the fire

the moon sighed among the lack .  
a old friends smoking in a fire .  
an fullness whispers after an old friends .  
this gamma rays tucked into this fire .  
an fullness whispers among an old friends .  
the old friends remembers into the lack .  
this fire whispers in this fullness .  
the moon aches among the fire .  
this lack sighed out of this moon .  
an old friends sighed in an gamma rays .



## Like corn in your poop

I am THIS man. Which is only the face you requested  
In your search of all relevant documents containing string  
# 33/33, "and if an heartburn should own us." How could

I tell it wouldn't please you, and who would listen to me,  
While walking the crusts of hills and crumbling like bread  
In your fist? When we wake up together, you'll be doubly

Unhappy with me, as I've stripped myself of cells and lie  
Etherized on the table. But you can't touch the masters, Jeffrey  
Screams, though their disks sit as still as fruit could ever be,

Like corn in your poop (which way to your face?) I sit, prism  
Twirled cottoncandy baroque in that veiling of isn't-it-ism  
You consume, and hurt you from the inside out, like all good

Fairy tales do, only the oven is no pussy for the gaze and its  
Smudge across moons wrestling tigers from stage-rigged  
Redemption. You're mixing your metaphors, you intrude

On my math floor; it's random to you, who pretend the sky  
Knows how far it stretches, and we don't. In other news,  
Tim might have chlamydia; chilling, I know, to think of

His hoes as implements in gestured mutation. Just lie back,  
Mrs. Dumbarton, Ms. Staples Mill, while the pudenda is raptured  
In a feelingly crippled rendition of starlight kills my sonogram

Gratuities, oh the heartbreak. Is the baby's face recognizable to itself  
Yet? I remember a perspirant night we'd do better to forget: you,  
You were wearing everything in your closet that blurs to the touch, and

I, oh I was carping, drawing airplane scales tighter and tighter over my  
Skyscraper mouth, until it could no longer hear a thing: just the wind,  
The idiot's howl from up the street; moon beaten like a threatening child.

## CRYSTAL

I like the sun chips away at everything.  
Explosions of crepe dogwood at warp pink  
and purple wallop, as in high yellow pavements

push feet from dissonance to sober waking. She's

in right now around the television just un-smudging  
her eyes from where we unraveled our streaming  
on sheets. There's a sliding glass door separates us.

This is the bridge between two bodies among  
the clock. My computer breathes on and off.

Our hearts